



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

XII. THE DREAM.

I dreamed the summer wind blew cold ;
I dreamed that youth and age were vain, —
That I was young, who now am old,
When spring nor hope will bloom again.

In nature's secret some are blest ;
From time's strange lesson should I learn,
If old myself, there's youth imprest
On fresher hearts, to pulse and burn.

A few, short years and I shall be
Where all I loved has sunk to sleep, —
In Nature's arms, fit company
For careless Ages, buried deep.

If those we trust desert their trust,
If those we love despise and wound,
To-morrow we are formless dust,
Swept like the dry leaves off the ground.

HEGEL ON ROMANTIC ART.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE SECOND PART OF THE *ÆSTHETIK*.]

BY WM. M. BRYANT.

III. Destruction of the Romantic Form of Art.

The final point which still remains to be established is : That as the Romantic has already proven to be essentially the principle of the dissolution of the Classic Ideal, so now it permits this dissolution to stand forth in fact clearly *as dissolution*.

The first thing which here presents itself for consideration is the complete accidentality and externality of the material which the artistic activity seizes, and to which it gives form. In the plastic character of Classic Art the subjective inner nature so permeates the external that the latter is the exclusive form of the internal, and cannot be separated from it as an independent term. In the Romantic, on the contrary, where internality withdraws itself into itself, the entire content of the

external world attains to the freedom of proceeding independently, and of maintaining itself in its own peculiarity and particularity. On the contrary, when the subjective internality of the soul becomes the essential element for the representation, it is of like accidentality in what particular content of external actuality and of the spiritual world the soul dwells. The Romantic inner principle is able, therefore, to present itself under all conditions whatever, and to adapt itself to thousands upon thousands of conditions, circumstances, relations, errors and perplexities, conflicts and reparations; for it is only its subjective formation in itself, the manifestation and mode-of-assimilation (*Aufnahmsweise*) of the soul, not an objective and independently significant content, which comes to be sought and should be valued. In the representations of Romantic Art, however, everything has its place—all spheres of life and phenomena, the greatest and the least, the highest and the most restricted, the moral, the immoral and base; and the more art becomes secularized, so much the more does it take up its abode in the finite things of the world, conceive a preference therefor, procure for them complete validity; and the artist is fortunate in them when he represents them as they are. Thus, for example, in Shakespeare: while with him the acts, in general, flow on in the closest connection, there also appears throughout a certain phase pertaining to the accidental which is thrown in here and there. All objects, indeed, have their value, from the highest regions and weightiest interests to the most insignificant and non-essential—as, in Hamlet, the night-watch near the king's castle; in Romeo and Juliet, the domestics; and elsewhere, not to mention buffoons, clowns, and every species of commonplace of daily life; * * * just as in the religious circle of Romantic Art, with the birth of Christ and the adoration of the kings, ox and ass, crib and straw must not be omitted. And thus it proceeds throughout, so that even in art the word is fulfilled: That which is abased shall be exalted.

Within this accidentality of the objects (which partly, indeed, take their place in representations as a mere wrappage for an essentially more important content, but also, in part,

independently) the *ruin* of Romantic Art, of which we have already made mention, is fully brought to light. On the one side, namely, real actuality, presents itself in its *prosaic objectivity*, considered from the standpoint of the Ideal. It is the content of ordinary daily life, which is not seized in its substance (in which there is something moral and divine), but which is seized in its changeableness and finite transitoriness. On the other side it is subjectivity, which, with its feeling and thought, with the right and the might of its native talent, knows how to raise itself to the mastery of all actuality, which it does not permit to remain in its accustomed relations, and at the value which it possesses for the ordinary consciousness. It is, besides, contented only in so far as all that enters into this realm proves itself, through the form and position given it by subjective opinion, caprice, or originality, to be, in itself, destructible, and, for the perception and sentiment, destroyed.

In the first place, therefore, we have in this respect to speak of the principle of those numerous works of art in which the mode of representing the ordinary present (*Gegenwart*) and external reality approaches to what we are accustomed to describe as "imitation of nature."

Secondly, we must consider subjective humor, which in modern art plays an important rôle, and, with many poets especially, presents the fundamental characteristic of their work.

Thirdly, there remains for us, in conclusion, only to indicate the standpoint from which art is still at the present day in a position to be exercised.

1. *Of the Subjective Artistic Imitation of the Immediately Present.*—The circle of objects which may be comprised within this sphere extends itself without limit, for art does not here take for its content the essentially necessary, whose circle is closed in upon itself, but rather it takes accidental reality in its unrestricted modification of forms and relations—nature and its widely varied play of individual images, the daily actions and pursuits of men in their natural necessities and their comfortable satisfaction, in their accidental customs, conditions, activities of family life, of civic occupations, and,

generally, the incalculably changeable in external objectivity. Thus art becomes not merely (as the Romantic is throughout in greater or less degree) portraiture; but it permits itself to enter completely into the execution (*Darstellung*) of portraits, whether in sculpture, in painting, or in the representations of poetry, and returns to the imitation of nature; in fact, to the deliberate approximation to the accidentality of immediate existence which, taken in itself, is ugly and prosaic.

The question presents itself, therefore, whether such productions generally are still to be styled works of art. If by this we have present to our minds the conception of works of art in the sense of the ideal, strictly speaking, and with which there is to do, on the one hand, with a content which is not essentially accidental and transitory; on the other, with the mode of representation absolutely corresponding to such content, then the products of the present phase must, in respect of such work, unquestionably fall short. But art has still another element, which is here of especial importance; it is the subjective mode of conceiving and executing the work of art—the side of individual talent which knows how to cause that the truly substantial life of nature, as well as the forms of the spirit, even in the uttermost extremes of accidentality to which these extend, shall remain constant; and which also knows how, through this knowledge, as well as through the most admirable skill in the representation, to render that significant which, for itself, is destitute of significance. Along with this there comes, besides, the subjective vivacity (*Lebendigkeit*) with which the artist, with his spirit and sensibility (*Gemüth*), devotes himself to the existence of such objects conformably to their entire internal and external form and manifestation, and presents such existence in this animation for the imagination. In this respect we cannot refuse to productions of this class the title of works of art.

To enter more into detail, it is chiefly poetry and painting which, among the special arts, have turned toward such objects. For, on the one hand, it is the essentially particular which here provides the content; and, on the other hand, it is the accidental (though, in its circle, genuine), peculiarity of the external

world which must here serve as the form of the representation. Neither architecture, nor sculpture, nor music is capable of meeting such a requirement.

a. In poetry it is the usual domestic life, which has for its substance the probity, practical wisdom, and morality of the day, that is represented, in ordinary civic transactions (*Verwickelungen*), in scenes and characters from the middle and lower classes. Among the French, Diderot in particular has, in this sense, striven after naturalness and the imitation of what is immediately present. With us Germans it was Goethe and Schiller who, in their youth, though in a higher sense, entered upon a similar path, but who sought within this vital naturalness and particularity after a deeper content, and after conflicts essentially richer in interest. Then came Kotzebue and Iffland. The one sought to portray the daily life of the time through his superficial rapidity of conception and production; the other, through his serious exactness and commonplace morality, in the prosaic, more restricted relations, and with little of the sense of true poetry. But, in general, our art has, though only in the latest times, taken up this tone by preference, and has attained to a masterly performance therein. For a long time art was to us, more or less, something foreign, borrowed,—not an original production. But in this turning to present actuality there lies this necessity: that the material for art shall be immanent, native (*heimisch*),—the national life of the poet and of the public. Upon this point of the appropriateness of art, which with us must be native absolutely, in respect both of the content and of the representation, even though it be at the sacrifice of beauty and ideality, the tendency which led to such representations is now fairly established. Other peoples have rather disdained such spheres, or are coming even now, for the first time, to have a genuine interest for such material, taken from daily and commonplace existence.

b. If, however, we would have present to our minds that which is the most worthy of admiration of all that can be accomplished in this respect, we must turn our attention to the *genre* painting of Holland. I have already, in the first

part of this work, in considering the Ideal as such, pointed out the substantial basis of this class of art, upon which basis it arises in accordance with the universal nature of spirit. With the Hollanders, satisfaction in the present things of life, even in the commonest and smallest, results from this: that what nature furnishes to other peoples immediately, these have been able to acquire only through severe conflicts and stubborn toil; and, shut up within a narrow space, they have become great in the care and preservation of the smallest things. On the other hand, they are a people of fishermen, sailors, burghers, peasants; whence they have learned thoroughly how to estimate the value of the necessary and useful in the greatest and in the least things, all which they know how to construct with the most assiduous industry. In religion — and this constitutes an important feature — the Hollanders were Protestants, and it belongs to Protestantism alone to settle down wholly in the prose of life, and to permit this to be valued for itself, independent of religious interests (*Beziehungen*), and to develop in unrestrained freedom. To no other people, placed in the midst of different conditions, would it occur to make of such objects as the Dutch painters present to view, the chief content of works of art. But in all these interests the Hollanders have not lived in the sorrow and poverty of existence and oppression of spirit. They have themselves reformed their Church, — have overthrown religious despotism, as well as the Spanish temporal power and the grandezza; and have, through their activity, their industry, their valor, and their economy, come to possess the feeling of a freedom which they owe only to themselves, and have at the same time attained to prosperity, a comfortable competency, probity, courage, a joyous gaiety, and even to the haughtiness of a tranquil daily existence. This is the justification of the choice of their objects in art.

A deeper meaning, which proceeds from an essentially valid content, cannot be satisfied with such objects. But if emotion and thought are not satisfied with them, they at least gratify the more immediate sensuous intuition; for it is the art of the painting and the skill of the artist by which we are

to be delighted and charmed. And, in fact, if one would know what painting is, he must examine these little pictures. It is then that he will be able to say of this or that master : *He can paint.* Hence, it is no part of the artist's task to give us (in his production, and through a work of art) a conception of the objects which he presents to us. Of grapes, flowers, stags, trees, dunes ; of the sea, of the sun, of the sky ; of dress and ornament ; of the implements of daily life ; of horses, warriors, peasants ; of smoking ; of pulling teeth ; of domestic scenes of the most various kinds, — of all these we have, in advance, perfectly adequate conceptions. Nature presents us the like in abundance. What is to charm us, then, is not the content and its reality, but the semblance (*Scheinen*), which, with respect to the object, is wholly destitute of interest. Similarly, the semblance is fixed for itself, as such ; and art is a masterly power for the representation of all the secrets of this self-within-self-concentrating semblance of external phenomena. Art consists especially in seizing, as if by stealth, the world as it lies at hand in its particular phases, and yet also in its vitality, which is quite in harmony with the universal laws of appearance ; and, again, it consists in laying hold of the instantaneous, thoroughly changeable lineaments of the existence of this present world, and in truly and faithfully retaining and fixing the fleeting. A tree, a landscape, is already for itself some thing fixed and abiding. But the glitter of metal ; the shimmer of a well-lighted cluster of grapes ; a vanishing gleam of the moon, of the sun ; a smile, the expression, so rapidly effaced, of an effect produced in the soul ; comic gestures, attitudes, expressions of countenance ; all that is most fugitive, most fleeting — to seize all this, and to cause it in its fullest vitality to continue present to the imagination, this is the difficult task of this stage of art. If Classic Art, in its ideal, gave form essentially only to the substantial, so here, changing nature, in its passing manifestations — a stream, a waterfall, a foaming sea-wave ; still-life, with the chance gleam of glass, plate, etc. ; the outer form of spiritual actuality in the most incidental situations, a woman threading a needle by a light ; a camp of bandits in accidental

bustle ; the most momentary phase of a gesture, which again swiftly changes ; the laughter and grinning of a peasant, subjects in which Ostade, Teniers, and Steen are masters — is here seized and made present to our view. It is a triumph of art over transitoriness, in which even the substantial or spiritual comes to be deceived respecting its power over the accidental and fugitive.

Since, now, semblance as such here furnishes the essential content of the objects, art, while it gives permanence to fleeting appearance, goes still further. Indeed, apart from the objects, the means of representation become for themselves an end ; so that the subjective skill and handling of the means of art is raised to the rank of an external object of the work of art. Even the early Netherlanders studied most profoundly the physical [qualities and effects] of color. Van Eyck, Hemling, Schoreel, knew how to imitate the gleam of gold, of silver ; the brilliancy of precious stones, silk, velvet, fur, etc., even to the point of deception. This masterly power of producing the most striking effects through the magic of color, and the secrets of its spell, now assumes an independent value. As the spirit, by thinking and reasoning, reproduces the world itself in imagination and thought, so now, apart from the objects themselves, the subjective re-creation of externality in the sensuous elements of color and light come to be the principal facts. It is, as it were, an objective music — tones in color. Indeed, if in music the individual tone is, when isolated, nothing, but only produces effect in its relation to another — in its oppositions, correspondences, transitions, and blendings — so with color the same thing occurs. If we examine closely the appearance of a color which [a little removed] gleams like gold, or presents the lustre of lace, we see only somewhat whitish, yellowish strokes and points — only a colored surface. The individual colors, as such, do not possess this brilliancy which they [unitedly] produce. It is their juxtaposition that causes this gloss and glitter. If, for example, we take Terburg's satin — each fleck of color is, for itself, a dull gray, more or less modified by white, blue, or yellow ; but at a certain distance the beautiful, mild glow which belongs to the

actual satin makes its appearance. So also with velvet, with the play of light, with the vapor of the clouds, and, in general, with all that comes to be represented. It is not the reflex of the soul which will be brought out in the objects, as is, for example, often the case in landscapes, but it is the entire subjective ability, which gives proof of itself in this objective manner as the capability of the medium itself, which, in its vitality and creative-energy (*Wirkung*) appears able to produce through itself an objectivity.

c. In this way the interest for the represented object undergoes this change: that it now comes to be the pure (*blanke*) subjectivity of the artist himself that thinks to present itself. Here, then, the point of concern is not the formation of a work that shall possess an independent interest on its own account; rather it is a production in which the *subject* [or individual intelligence] creating it only presents himself to view. In so far as this subjectivity no longer relates to the external means of representation, but only to the *content* itself, art becomes by this means the art of caprice and humor.

2. *Subjective Humor*.—In Humor, it is the person of the artist which presents itself to view, in accordance with its particular as well as its deeper phases; so that thus it deals essentially with the spiritual value of this personality.

a. Since, now, humor does not appoint for itself the task of permitting a content to unfold and take shape objectively in accordance with its essential nature, and to artistically complete and finish itself in this development within and from itself; and since it is rather the artist himself who enters into the material, his principal activity consists in the permitting or causing all that would render itself objective, and win a fixed form of actuality, or which appears to possess it in the external world, to fall asunder and to perish; and this he does through the power of subjective fancy, flashes of wit, or striking forms of conception. Whence every phase of independence of an objective content, as well as of the essentially firm connection of the form [with the content]—such connection being given through the fact—is annihilated; and the representation becomes only a play with objects, a derange-

ment and perversion of the material, as well as a rambling hither and thither, an extravaganza of subjective manifestations, views and demeanor, through which the author loses sight both of himself and of his objects.

b. The natural illusion here is to imagine that it is very easy to construct pleasantries and witticisms upon self and every thing present, and hence the humorous form is frequently grasped after ; but it also frequently happens that the humor is spiritless when the individual permits himself to wander in the caprice of his whimsies and jests, which run on without connection into the indefinite, and join together the most heterogeneous things in heedless, fantastic fashion. Some nations are indulgent toward this sort of humor, while others are more severe. With the French the humorous, in general, makes little progress ; with us it succeeds better, and we are more tolerant respecting deviations [from what is customary]. Thus, for example, Jean Paul is with us a popular humorist ; and yet, more than all others, he seeks to produce effect by *bizarre* associations between objects farthest removed from one another. He throws together, pell-mell, objects which have no relation except in his own imagination. The tale, the content and progress of events, is in his romances the least interesting portion. The chief thing, always, is the strokes and sallies of humor. Each theme is made use of only as an occasion for the author to display his subjective wit. In this acceptance and combination of materials collected from all parts of the world, from all the regions of reality, humor retrogrades to the symbolic, where significance and form likewise lie asunder, except that now it is the mere subjectivity of the poet which rules over the material as well as over the significance, and combines them in a wholly arbitrary manner. But such a succession of capricious conceptions fatigues us presently, especially when it is demanded of us to penetrate with our imagination into the often scarcely decipherable combinations which have floated accidentally before the mind of the poet. With Jean Paul in particular, metaphors, sallies, witticisms, clash together and mutually destroy each other ; it is a continual explosion, with which we are only dazed. But

what is to be destroyed must first have been developed and prepared. On the other hand, when the individual is essentially destitute of the germ and content belonging to a soul of true objectivity, humor readily falls into the sentimental, into false sensibility, of which Jean Paul likewise furnishes us an example.

c. To true humor, which will hold itself altogether aloof from this excrescence, there belong, therefore, much depth and wealth of spirit, in order that what has an appearance of some thing merely subjective may be brought into prominence as actual and full of expression, and that the substantial may be caused to rise out of its accidentality, out of mere caprice. The self-abandonment (*Sichnachgeben*) of the poet in respect of his manifestations must, as with Sterne and Hippel, be a *naïve*, easy, simple throwing off [of thought], which, in its unpretentiousness (*Unbedeutenheit*), gives precisely the highest idea of depth; and since these are particulars which spring up without order, the inner connection must lie so much the deeper, and cause the luminous point or focus of the spirit to shine out in these very particulars themselves as such.

With this we have arrived at the conclusion of Romantic Art, at the standpoint of the most recent time, whose peculiarity we can find in this: that the subjectivity of the artist stands above his material and his production, since it is no longer dominated by the given conditions of an already essentially determined circle of content as well as of form, but holds in its own power, and subject to its own choice, both the content and the mode of embodying the same.

3. *End of the Romantic Form of Art.* — Art, as we have thus far considered it, has for its fundamental principle the unity of significance and form, and, thus, the unity of the subjectivity of the artist with his wealth of conception (*Gehalt*) and production (*Werk*). More precisely, it was the definite mode (*Art*) of this union which supplied for the content and its corresponding representation the substantial norm pervading all images. In this respect, at the commencement of art in the Orient, we found spirit to be not yet free for itself. It was still in the natural that spirit sought an Absolute, and hence it conceived

the natural as in itself divine. Later, the imagination of Classic Art represented the Greek gods as unconstrained, animated individuals, and yet, at the same time, as essentially encumbered with the human form as with an affirmative element. Finally, Romantic Art enabled the spirit, for the first time, to penetrate into its own internality, in opposition to which the flesh—outer reality and temporality in general—was at first esteemed as nugatory, notwithstanding the fact that the spiritual and Absolute had been able to make its appearance only in this element; and yet at last the external and secular knew how, more and more, to secure recognition (*Geltung*) in a more positive way.

a. These various modes of apprehending the world constitute religion, the substantial spirit of peoples and epochs, and permeate both art and all other spheres of the actual, living present. Since, now, every man in each field of activity—whether political, religious, artistic, or scientific—is a child of his time, and has the task of perfecting the essential content and the form necessarily belonging thereto, there thus remains for art the task (*Bestimmung*) of finding for the spirit of a people the appropriate artistic expression. So long as the artist is inwoven in immediate identity and firm faith with the characteristic of such conception of the world and with such religion, so long this content and this representation constitute for him matters of the most genuine seriousness; that is, this content remains for him the infinite and true of his own consciousness—a content with which, in accordance with his innermost subjectivity, he lives in original unity—while the form in which he sets forth the same is for him, as artist, the final, necessary, and highest mode of bringing the Absolute and the soul of objects in general into [the range of] sensuous perception. It is through the substance (immanent in himself) of his material that he comes to be bound to the definite mode of exposition. For the artist then bears immediately in himself the material, and therewith the form belonging to the same, as the very essence of his existence, which he does not imagine, but which he himself *is*; hence he has only the labor of causing this genuine reality to become objective, of setting it forth

from himself, and of bringing it to completion [as an external image]. Only then is the artist completely inspired for his subject-matter and for the representation; and his inventions come to be in no wise a product of caprice, but spring forth in him and from him, out of this substantial ground, out of this source, the content of which will not rest until it has attained, through the artist, to an individual form commensurate with its idea. On the other hand, if we would now make a Greek god, or, like the Protestants of to-day, the Virgin Mary, an object of a work of sculpture, or of a painting, there is for us, with such material, no real seriousness. It is the innermost faith which is wanting in us, even though the artist, in times of still undiminished faith, did not need to be what is commonly called a pious man. And, indeed, artists have not, in general, always been the most pious persons. The demand is merely this: that the content shall constitute for the artist the substantial, the innermost truth of his consciousness, and provide for him the necessity for the mode of representation. For the artist is, in his production, at the same time a natural being; his skill, a *natural* skill; his efforts are not the pure activity of comprehending, which puts itself wholly in opposition to its material, and unifies itself therewith in free thought, in pure thinking, but, as not yet liberated from the natural side, unites immediately with the object, believing in it, and, according to its very self, identical with it. For, if the subjectivity lies wholly in the object, the work of art likewise proceeds from the undivided internality and force of genius; the production is firm, flexible (*umwankend*), and the full intensity is preserved therein. This is the fundamental condition upon which art presents itself to us in its totality.

b. But, again, when we consider the position which we have found it necessary to assign to art in the progress of its development, we find that the entire relation has become completely changed. We must not, however, look upon this as in any wise an accidental misfortune by which art has been overtaken from without, through the unhappiness of the time, through the prosaic sense [of the people], through lack of interest [on their part], etc. Rather it is the result and

progress of art itself, which, while it brings to light for the sensuous perception the material dwelling within itself, furnishes [at the same time] upon this self-same way, through each step of progress, a contribution toward freeing itself from the represented content. Whatever, through art or thought, is so completely present as object to our sensuous or to our spiritual eyes that the content is exhausted — that *all* is made present, and nothing remains of the dark and hidden — can no longer possess an absolute interest for us ; for interest finds place only in fresh activity. Spirit exerts itself upon objects only so long as some thing secret, some thing unrevealed, remains in them. This is the case so long as the material is identical with ourselves. If, however, art has rendered explicit upon all sides the essential conceptions of the world which lie within the idea of art, and [has also brought into representation] the phases of the content belonging to these conceptions of the world, then is it [art], once for all, dissolved for this particular people and this particular time, and the genuine need of taking it up again awakes only with the need of assuming a hostile attitude toward the hitherto solely valid content ; as in Greece, for example, Aristophanes placed himself in opposition to his own time, and Lucian arose against the whole Greek past, and in Italy and Spain, with the close of the Middle Ages, Ariosto and Cervantes began to combat chivalry.

Now, in contrast with the period in which the artist, through his nationality and his time, in accordance with his substance, stands within a definite conception of the world and its content and forms of representation, we find an absolutely opposite standpoint, which, in its complete development, has first attained to importance in modern times. In our day, with almost all peoples, the cultivation of reflection, of criticism — and, with us Germans, freedom of thought also — has seized likewise upon the artists, and (in respect both of the matter and of the form of their productions, after the necessary particular stages of the Romantic form of art have been passed through) converted them, so to speak, into a *tabula rasa*. The state of being bound to a particular con-

tent, and to a mode of representation suitable for this material alone, is for the artist of to-day a thing of the past ; and art has by this means become a free instrument, which he can make use of equally, in proportion to his subjective ability, in respect to each content, of whatever class it may be. Thus, the artist stands above the definite, consecrated forms and images, and moves freely for himself, independent of the content and mode of conception in which, till now, the holy and eternal was present to consciousness. No content, no form, is any longer identical with the internality, with the *nature*, with the unconscious substantial essence of the artist. Every material may be of like importance to him, so long as it does not violate the formal law of being, in general, beautiful and suited to an artistic treatment. At the present day there is no material which in and for itself stands apart from this relativity ; and if, besides, it is also sublime, there is at least no absolute necessity that it should be brought into representation by *art*. Hence the artist assumes the same relation to his content or subject-matter, in the whole, as that assumed by the dramatist toward his, and who brings upon the scene others — personages foreign to himself — and expounds them. True, he now introduces his own genius, weaves throughout from his own material ; but [the result is] only the universal on the one hand, or, on the other, the accidental. But, again, the more precise individualization is not his own. Rather, in this respect, he has recourse to his fund of images, types (*Gestaltungsweisen*), earlier art forms, which, taken for themselves, are indifferent to him, and only assume importance when they appear to him as the most suitable to precisely this or that material. Besides, in most of the arts — especially in those of visible representation — the object comes to the artist from without. He works to order, and has now only to accept from sacred or profane history what is there already at hand for him — scenes, portraits, church-building, etc. For, however much the artist may inweave his own soul into the given content, the latter, nevertheless, always remains to him a material which is not, for itself, immediately the substantial of his own consciousness. Nor

does it any the more avail to substantially appropriate, so to speak, the past modes of viewing the world ; that is, to wish to establish oneself in one of these modes of view — as, for example, to become catholic, as has been done by many in recent times on account of art, in order to fix their souls and to enable the definite limitation of their representation to become for itself self-sufficing and independently existing. There is no necessity that the artist should first feel the need of coming into a state of purity with reference to his own soul, and that he should be concerned respecting his own salvation. His great, free soul must, before it enters upon production, know and possess, from the centre outward, that whereon it exists, and be secure and confident in itself. Especially does the great artist of the present day require the free culture of the spirit in which all superstition, and all faith which remains limited to definite forms of sensuous perception and representation, are reduced to mere phases and moments or elements over which the free spirit has made itself master ; since it sees in them no essentially and independently sanctifying conditions of its exposition and mode of imagery, but only ascribes value to them through the higher content which, by a sort of re-creation, it introduces into them as commensurate with them.

In this way every form, as well as every material, is at the service and command of the artist whose talent and genius are now essentially freed from the earlier limitation to a definite form of art.

c. If, finally, we ask what is the content and what are the forms which at this stage may be considered as *characteristic*, the following presents itself [as the answer] : —

The universal forms of art were related, first of all, to the absolute truth to which art attained, and found the origin of their division in the definite conception of that which, to the consciousness, assumed the character of the Absolute, and bore within itself the principle of its mode-of-embodiment (*Gestaltungsweise*). In this respect we have seen the phases of the significance of nature (*Naturbedeutungen*) appear as content ; the things of nature, together with human personifications as forms

of representation, [have played the principal part] in the Symbolic phase. In the Classic, [the content made its appearance] as spiritual individuality, but as a present which is corporeal and without reflection, and above which stands the abstract necessity of fate. In the Romantic [finally the content stands forth in its completeness] as spirituality, with its inherent subjectivity or personality; and for the internality hereto belonging, the external form remains some thing accidental. In this last form of art, just as in the earlier, the divine, in and for itself, was the object of art. But this divine has now to objectify, to determine itself, and thus also to enter into the mundane (*weltlichen*) content of subjectivity. In the first place, the infinitude of personality lay in honor, love, fidelity; then, in the particular individuality, in the precise character which united itself with the particular content of human existence. This increasing development into accidental existence (*das Verwachsenseyn*), together with such specific narrowness of the content, finally caused the reappearance of humor, which knew how to cause all definiteness to prove unstable and to dissolve, and thus left art free to pass beyond itself. But in this passing of art beyond itself there is no less a return of man into himself, a descent into his own breast, through which art strips from itself all fixed limitation to a definite circle of content and conception, and for its new sacred [object] takes the *human* — the depth and height of the human soul as such, the universally Human in its joys and sorrows, its struggles, its deeds, and its destinies. Here the artist contains his subject-matter (*Inhalt*) within himself. He is the actual self-determining human spirit, who contemplates the infinitude of his feelings and situations, who originates [conceptions] and gives expression [thereto], and to whom nothing is any longer foreign which can become vital in the human breast. It is this sort of content which does not, in and for itself, remain artistically determined. On the contrary, the definiteness of the content and of its external fashioning is replaced by arbitrary invention. Still, no interest is excluded, since art is no longer accustomed to represent that only which is absolutely in harmony with a definite phase; but every thing in which man in

general finds something familiar to himself possesses fitness [for artistic uses].

Now, in this breadth and manifoldness of material there is, above all, to be established this demand: that, with respect the mode of treatment, the contemporaneity (*Gegenwärtigkeit*) of the spirit with the present day shall likewise everywhere give evidence of itself. The modern artist can undoubtedly make himself the contemporary of the ancients, even of the most remote antiquity. It is a fine thing to be one of the Homerides, even though it be the last. So, too, those images which reflect the change undergone by Romantic Art in the Middle Ages have their usefulness. But quite another thing is this universal indifference, depth, and peculiarity of a material; still another, its mode of treatment. In our epoch, no Homer or Sophocles, no Dante or Ariosto, or Shakespeare, can arise. What has been so grandly sung, what has been so perfectly expressed, is expressed once for all. This material and these modes of contemplating and comprehending them are exhausted. Only the present is vital; the rest is pale and cold. We must, indeed, utter against the French a reproach with respect to the historical, and a criticism with reference to beauty, in that they have represented Greek and Roman heroes, and even Chinese and Peruvian characters, as French princes and princesses, and have given them the motives and views of the time of Louis XIV. and Louis XV. Still, if only these motives and conceptions had been in themselves more profound and more beautiful, this anachronism in art would not even be reprehensible. On the contrary, all material, of whatever nation or time it may be, preserves its truth for art (*Kunst-wahrheit*) only as this vital actuality—in which it fills the heart of man, its own reflex—and brings truth to our sensibility and imagination. It is the manifestation and exertions of the human as imperishable, in its many-sided significance and infinitely rounded culture, that, in this realm of human situations and experiences, must now constitute the absolute content of our art.

If, now, after this general definition (*Feststellung*) of the peculiar content of this stage, we turn our attention again to

that which we came finally to consider as the forms belonging to the dissolution of Romantic Art, [we will see] that we have especially emphasized the disruption of art, [which has fallen assunder into] the imitation of the externally objective in the accidentality of its form on the one side; and, on the other, into humor, the free-development (*Freiwerden*) of subjectivity in accordance with its inner accidentality. In conclusion, we may still, within the previously mentioned material, suggest a summary view (*Zusammenfassen*) of the other extreme of Romantic Art. Thus, as with the progress from Symbolic Art to Classic Art we considered the image, the comparison, and the epigram as transition-forms, so here, in Romantic Art, we have to make mention of a similar form. In the previous modes of conception, the chief thing was the falling asunder of the inner significance and the external form—a separation which was partially cancelled through the subjective activity of the artist—and, in the epigram especially, was transformed, in the utmost degree possible, into identification. Romantic Art, again, has, from the centre outward, constituted the deeper dualizing of the internality, [whose nature it is to find] its own satisfaction within itself; and which, since the objective did not, in general, completely correspond to the independently-existing spirit, continued to be in a divided state, or was indifferent respecting the objective. This contradiction has, in the course of Romantic Art, developed in consequence of this fact: that in accidental externality or in equally accidental subjectivity, we must concern ourselves with exclusive interests. But when this satisfaction in externality as well as in subjective representation rises, in accordance with the principle of the Romantic, to the point of absorbing the soul in the object; and when, on the other hand, it also arrives at humor in the object, and its embodiment (*Gestaltung*) within its subjective reflex, then we have, by this means, preserved a union in the object, [which constitutes] at the same time an *objective* humor. Such union, however, can be only partial, and can appear only, as it were, in the compass of a song, or only as part of a greater whole. For; to extend itself and complete itself within external reality,

would be to involve itself in deeds and events, and in an objective representation. On the contrary, what we have here to consider is rather a self-activity (*Sich-ergehen*) of the soul in the object—an activity rich in sentiment, and which, it is true, attains to development, but which also remains a *subjective* spiritual movement of the fantasy and of the heart. It is a caprice, and yet not merely some thing accidental and whimsical, but an inner movement of the soul, which devotes itself wholly to its object, and preserves it for interest and as content.

In this respect we may contrast such final art-blossomings with the ancient Greek epigram, in which this form made its appearance in its earliest and simplest guise. The form here intended manifests itself first, not when the account (*Besprechen*) of the object is a mere name, an inscription which only tells in general what the object is, but when there is exhibited a deeper sentiment, a more striking thought, a significant reflection, and richly spiritual movement of the fantasy which verifies and expands the smallest thing through the poetry of the conception. Such poems, indeed, relating to various objects—to a tree, a mill-stream, the spring-time, etc., to the living or the dead—can be of infinite variety, and may arise among any people. Still, they remain always of a subordinate class, and are very liable to degenerate into insipidity. For, especially with a more cultivated reflection and language, some thing may occur to each, with respect to most objects and relations, which (since every one knows how to write a letter) he also has the ability to express. With such universal, oft-repeated sing-song, even though it may present new phases, one soon becomes weary. At this stage, therefore, the aim is that the soul, with its internality—that a deeper spirit and a rich consciousness—may enter, with its whole life (*ganz hineinlebe*), into objects, situations, etc.; that it may abide therein, and may thus make of the objects something new, beautiful, and in themselves valuable.

It is especially in this respect that the Persians and Arabs, in the Oriental splendor of their images, in the free felicity of the fantasy, which deals with its objects in a wholly theoretic-

cal fashion, present a brilliant example for the present age, and its subjective internality. Even the Spanish and the Italians have done admirable things of this sort. Klopstock says, indeed, of Petrarch : —

— Laura besang Petrarke in Liedern,
Zwar dem Bewunderer Schön, aber dem Liebenden nicht.

Yet Klopstock's love odes are themselves full only of moral reflections, of unhappy longing, and of unnaturally intensified passion for the joy of immortality; while in Petrarch we admire the freedom of the essentially ennobled sentiment, which, however intensely it expresses the longing for the loved one, is still substantially contented. For the longing, the desire, cannot indeed be lacking in the circle of these objects, even though the circle be limited to wine and love, to the banquet and the cup-bearer. Of this class the Persians present images of the highest luxuriance, but the fantasy, in its subjective interest, removed the object altogether from the circle of actual longing. It has an interest only in this richly imaginative activity, which contents itself in the freest fashion in its hundred changing phases (*Wendungen*) and caprices, and plays with utmost vivacity alike in joy and in grief. At the standpoint of such spiritual freedom, but also subjective inner depth of the fantasy, stand, first of all among modern poets, Goethe in his *West-Easterly Divan*, and Rückert. Especially do Goethe's poems in the *Divan* contrast essentially with his earlier ones. In *Willkomm und Abschied*, for example, the language, the description, is indeed beautiful, the sentiment sincere; but yet the situation is altogether ordinary, the sequel trivial, and the fantasy and its freedom have added nothing thereto. Quite otherwise is the poem in the *West-Easterly Divan* — *Wiederfinden* — written. Here, love is wholly transferred to the phantasy, to its movement, its fortune, its felicity. Generally, in similar productions of this class, we have before us no subjective longing, no amorousness (*Verliebtseyn*), no desire, but a pure fancy or liking for the objects, an inexhaustible self-activity (*Sich-ergehen*) of the fantasy, a harmless play, a freedom in the sportiveness, also, of the rhyme and artistic

measure, and thus an internality and gladness of the soul, self-moved within itself, which, through the serenity of the form, raises the soul high above all painful entanglement in the limitation of actuality.

With this we may close the consideration of the *special* forms into which the Ideal of art, in its development, comes to be divided. I have made these forms the object of an extended research in order to present the content of the same, and from which also the modes of representation are derived; for it is the content which, in art, as in all human work, is of chief moment. Art, in accordance with its idea, has no other vocation than to develop that which is essentially rich in content, to an adequate sensuous reality; and the philosophy of art must therefore undertake, as its chief business, to thoroughly comprehend what this wealth of content and its modes of manifestation are.

THE MATTER AND THE METHOD OF THOUGHT.

BY MEEDS TUTHILL.

"What is Mind? No matter.
What is Matter? Never mind.
What is Spirit? It is immaterial."
— *Punch*.

I. *The Matter.*

It may not be easy to say how many methods there are of thinking, especially if we count the ways that are not methods. But we may affirm that there are but two methods of getting knowledge—and indeed only one, since each of these two is partial, and needs the other for its own completion, and for the attainment of complete knowledge. For "knowledge" now seems to be divided into "facts" and "ideas," neither of which is willing to admit the existence of the other "as such," although they bear a family resemblance. This feud arises because one of these methods founds itself upon "external perception"—a contradiction in terms; the other, upon